

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 1.

ELIAS H. WILLIAMS.

1819—1891.

ELIAS H. WILLIAMS was born at Ledyard, in the State of Connecticut, on the 23d day of July, A. D., 1819. His ancestors settled in that State long before the revolutionary war.

In 1748, "when we lived under the King," his grandfather, William Williams, was a justice of the peace in Groton, and that he might well and intelligently discharge the duties of his office to meet the approval of his Sovereign Majesty, George II, he procured two volumes of "The Office and Authority of a Justice of the Peace," "by W. Nelson, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Savoy 1745." Inscribed on the fly leaf of each volume, is "Groton. William Williams, His Book Bought January, A. D., 1748-9—Both Volumes Cost £9 10., 0 Old Tenor or £5-2-4¼ lawfull money."

They are a pair of quaint old law books, and they were entrusted to me by Judge Williams with the injunction that I should deliver them to his friend Charles Aldrich, to be placed in the State Library.

Vol. 1, p. 312, says: "My Lord Coke told us the laws against drunkenness were very new.

"'Tis true he mentioned King Edgar, but look'd no farther back than to the statutes of King James; by which 'tis enacted, That any Justice of the Peace upon his own View, Confession of the party, or proof of one Witness upon Oath, may convict any Person for Drunkenness.

"Being convicted, he is to pay 5s. for every Offense to the Church-wardens of the Parish.

"If he is convicted the second time, then he may give Bond in 10 s. viz., Two Sureties, to be of the Good Behaviour, or be committed." Then follow all necessary forms to be used in prosecutions for drunkenness, after which the author adds: p. 315.

"These Acts of Parliament are so far from being duly executed, that, to the great Scandal and Corruption of this Nation, our greatest Men give a Sanction to this Vice, by drinking themselves into the Good-will of the Electors every new Parliament."

Judge Williams graduated at Yale College in the class of 1840, and was at once employed for a year as principal of the Goshen Academy, in Sullivan county, New Hampshire, and gave great satisfaction to the Trustees of the institution. Near the close of his engagement, the Trustee who went to New Haven to employ a principal, and who engaged the young graduate, asked him if he knew why he had selected him for the position. The professor answered that he had supposed some member of the faculty had given him a recommendation regarding his scholastic attainments. The Trustee replied that had nothing to do with it at all. That a lot of wild boys had destroyed the discipline of the Academy, and the former principal was compelled to leave on that account; that he left home determined to find some man that could control the students and restore good discipline. So he went to New Haven about commencement time, and happened to hear of a young man in the graduating class named Williams, who, a short time before had thrashed a policeman for what he considered an unwarranted interference with him. He thought

that was the very man he was looking for, sought him out, made an engagement with him, and had never had occasion to regret his choice.

At the end of his year in New Hampshire he went to South Carolina, near Columbia, at a salary of \$500 a year, as tutor in a private school for the sons of wealthy planters preparing to enter Yale. His duties in this school required but part of his time and he began the study of law which he continued for five years, when the last sickness of his father caused his return to Ledyard.

In 1846, soon after his father's death, he came to Iowa and settled at Garnavillo.

Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war, he enlisted and was chosen Sergeant in Capt. Parker's regiment of dragoons, that was sent to garrison Fort Atkinson in Winneshiek County, Iowa, to relieve Capt. Sennet, who was ordered to Mexico. While stationed at this fort, one of the recruits was not disposed to submit kindly to the Sergeant's instruction in discipline, and challenged him to a private contest in a grove near by. The Sergeant waived his rank and they went together to the grove and entered into a desperate struggle, when Corporal Reed appeared upon the scene, arrested the belligerents and marched them to the guard house. This ended the contest, but the Sergeant's authority was not afterwards disputed.

In February, 1848, at the end of the war, he returned to Garnavillo, and in addition to his law practice, opened up a farm on section 13, adjoining on the west the section in which Garnavillo is located.

In 1849 he returned to his native State and was united in marriage to Hannah, daughter of Capt. Adam Larrabee, and sister of ex-Governor Larrabee, who survives him and resides on the Grand Meadow farm with their two sons, Fred. L. and Wilkes, and daughter Anna E. Their daughter Annie, wife of Eli N. Baily, resides at Sac City in this state.

In 1851, under the new Code system of county government, he was elected the first County Judge of Clayton Co.,

and held the office for two terms. He found the finances in a very disordered condition, there being no money in the treasury, and "county warrants selling all the way from a drink of whiskey to fifty cents on the dollar; but at the close of his last term of office, you could present your county warrant to the treasurer and get one hundred cents on the dollar, every time." [Allen E. Wanzer].

He became acquainted with all parts of the county by personal inspection, that he might provide for its public necessities. One day there entered the office of the county judge, an eccentric and illiterate man, and inquired if he was Judge Williams. On receiving an affirmative answer, the visitor handed out a certificate of his election, and said he had come to have the Judge qualify him for the office of Squire. The Judge in a very bland manner answered: "I can swear you in, sir, and if it is sufficient approve your bond; but I think nothing short of Almighty power can qualify you for the office." He administered the oath and approved his bond.

During the latter part of his term, he sold his Garnavillo farm and purchased of the U. S. Government a tract of 2,200 acres of land in Grand Meadow, and employed his brother-in-law, William Larrabee, to superintend the opening of a farm on his new purchase. The crops of wheat raised the first two years on the part brought under cultivation, being about 320 acres, paid the cost of raising, all the improvements made, and the price paid for the whole tract of land.

His five years residence in South Carolina compelled him to become familiar with the institution of slavery, for which he conceived an intense, undying hatred, and "when the Missouri compromise was repealed, and the South had threatened to plant her slave colonies on free soil, he was among the first men of America to protest against the encroachment, and among the first to call together a body of men for the purpose of forming an organization against the demands of the slaveholders' power, and from that day * * stood by the organization." [Hist. of Clayton Co.]

About the year 1856 he joined Geo. W. Whitman and others in building, at a cost of \$30,000, a three run, steam, merchant flouring mill, known as the "Clayton City Mill," which for many years, under the control of Frank Larrabee as managing partner, did an extensive and profitable business.

In 1858, he was elected Judge of the Tenth Judicial District of Iowa, and re-elected in 1862. In the discharge of the duties of that office, he proved himself a profound jurist, an officer of unswerving integrity and gained a wide reputation as a scholar of high attainments.

In 1870, he was appointed by Gov. Samuel Merrill to fill a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court of this State, and served only till his successor, elected at the next following election, had qualified. The published opinions written by him are models of clearness and brevity.

He next turned his attention to promoting the construction of two lines of railway centering at Dubuque. One, on the right bank of the Mississippi river to St. Paul and Minneapolis; the other, up the Turkey river to Mankato, and in the same direction to intersect the Northern Pacific road near Fargo.

The first was built and has proved a road of great importance. The value of what the other would have been is now, too late, better appreciated than it was then, and it was by others diverted from his plan and built up the Volga and terminates at West Union, a branch only 58 miles in length. From Fargo, *via* Mankato, Turkey river and Dubuque to Chicago, for directness and easy grades, is a line superior to any that has been built connecting those points. The line and the branch that were built have passed to the ownership of the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co.

He afterwards organized the Iowa Eastern Railway Company, for the purpose of constructing a narrow-gauge railroad from McGregor to Des Moines, and sixteen miles of it were completed when financial disaster overtook the Eastern capitalists who had undertaken to supply the necessary funds, and

the enterprise was thrown into an embarrassment from which it never recovered.

The following quotation relating to this subject is from an article in the History of Clayton County, written by Hon. Samuel Murdock: "He was the author, the originator and president of the enterprise, and when the crash came with all its terrible effects, its creditors met him without compassion and demanded their full share from the ruins of the blasted enterprise; and to add to his crushed and tender feelings, many of his former friends deserted him, and left him to struggle alone under a pressure that was enough to shatter and break the strongest mind ever possessed by a human being.

"In all these struggles he never lost sight of his honor and integrity, and he made every effort, offered every assurance within his power to appease and stay the demands, but all to no purpose; suit after suit was brought, judgments were multiplied, executions were issued, and his own private property seized to satisfy the demands against the company.

"There was a time during this terrible pressure upon him, when a few of his old friends might have come to his support, and by even their countenance and assurance, and without the aid of money, could have given such confidence to his enterprise as would have pushed it along on every mile of its route, which would have restored confidence, allayed the demands of creditors, paid them in the end and completed the enterprise; but these were not forthcoming, and with all this load upon his shoulders. he kept his sixteen miles of road in good condition, and through storm and sunshine his trains made their regular trips along the route with their freight and passengers until 1882, when he sold the road to the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co., and retired once more to his farm.

"In conjunction with his brother, D. R. W. Williams, he began the construction of another railroad from Lancaster, Wis., running in a Northeasterly direction up and along the valley of the Kickapoo; and after completing a portion of the road, sold out to the Chicago and Northwestern Ry. Co."

He was a great reader and kept himself acquainted with the writings of the best and ablest thinkers of the world. His miscellaneous library contained extensive works in Greek, Latin and French, all of which he read with ease, besides books in the English language showing the progress of its literature and advancement in science. He took great pleasure in reading industrial biography.

He had a retentive memory and his knowledge was extensive and minute. He was untiring in his efforts to benefit his friends, his neighbors, and the county, state, and nation in which he lived. To the young he was an especial friend, and in conferring benefits upon them would present them with such delicacy as to make himself appear the recipient of the favors.

While he was District Judge, we traveled the circuit together, and I came to know him intimately. When I first met him in 1854, I found in him a friend, and so he continued always to be, and I never heard him express a thought prompted by an unworthy motive.

At a meeting of the members of the bar of Clayton County, held in open court, September 2d, 1891, the following resolution, among others, was ordered to be entered on the records of the District Court:

“Resolved, that in the death of Judge Williams, we feel that Iowa has lost one of its brightest intellects, a mind of high culture, an able jurist, a man of strict integrity and of kindly heart.”

Many kind and sympathetic words were spoken, and his old pioneer companion, Judge Murdock, paid a glowing tribute to his memory. From the remarks of Hon. Thomas Updegraff, I make a single quotation: “It was a high privilege to be his friend, for to be with him was in itself an inspiration, and even dullness grew brighter in his presence.”

Judge Williams had been in feeble health for several years, but his mind retained its brightness to the last. On the morning of the 20th of August, he asked his daughter Annie to

tell his son Fred. he wished to speak with him. A few minutes later, in answer to the call, his son entered the house and found his father sitting in his arm chair, but his spirit had departed.

JAMES O. CROSBY.

ALBERT MILLER LEA.



HE accompanying condensed biographical sketch of Albert M. Lea, written by himself a short time before his death, was embraced in a letter to C. W. Irish, in response to a request by the latter for it. Mr. Irish kindly placed the manuscript at the disposal of the Historical Society. The name of Albert Lea is honorably connected with Iowa in her statehood and her territorial and pre-territorial existence, as a national commissioner to define her southern boundary and as the historian of a military exploration, an account of which, written by him for THE RECORD, appeared in a recent number.

My father was a son of a Baptist preacher, disinclined to take the field against the British in North Carolina, and consequently found more quiet over the mountains in East Tennessee, which then belonged to North Carolina: and there he brought over a large family of sons, who had a wise and prudent mother, who lies alone on the top of a sharp conical hill near the railway from Cincinnati to Knoxville, a few miles from Jacksboro, a deep and dangerous wilderness when she was laid there to rest. I love to speak of this one of my ancestors, whose character justified her name of Clara Wisdom. My father came to the vicinity of Knoxville when twelve years old, and lived the usual struggling life of a frontier lad, farming, fighting Indians, and (oh, great privilege!) going to school six months. He was of purely English extraction. My

mother's father was an unlettered Virginian, of English parentage, who migrated to East Tennessee in 1769, with an invalid wife, of a family of Welsh origin, named Witt, who to this day retain all the wild superstitions and traditions of their mountain origin. She was the mother of ten children, of whom my own mother is the only one that did not inherit her nervous diathesis. Father was a positive, dictatorial, domineering, sagacious man, who sold goods, and bought soldiers' certificates and located them on choice lands, and hence became "Register of the Land Office of the State of Franklin," although he was a poor scholar and had all his writing done by a daughter, one of twins, whom my mother nursed when she was five years old. He found a fine body of land on Richland Creek, which enters the Holston, twenty miles above Knoxville, took the whole valley and adjacent hill-sides for nine miles and cut it up into homes for his nine children. Thus it came about that I was born on the lowest of these tracts, at a farm since famous as Lea's Springs, twenty miles northeast of Knoxville, on the great Valley Road.

These springs attracted visitors from the Carolinas and Georgia, who boarded at my father's, and thus we were brought in contact with the elite society of the whole country, and our ambition was aroused. After a very laborious boyhood, at thirteen I was allowed to go to school at Knoxville, a college it was called, but it had one teacher, a good man, a graduate of Yale, who so excited my ambition that I overworked myself so as to bring on dyspepsia, with occasional melancholy, which has haunted me ever since; but my father died when I was fourteen, the little money that fell to my share was soon used up, and I was forced to leave college at seventeen, within one session of graduation. I returned to the farm, worked hard, read some, and was invited to clerk in a country store, where I got experience, health, and a bright life, falling in love with my chief's daughter, to whose brothers I taught Latin whilst not engaged in selling goods. Through H. L. White, long a Senator, and competitor of

Mr. Van Buren in 1836, I was appointed Cadet in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, which I entered in 1827, graduated fifth in my class in 1831, was made 2d Lt., U. S. Artillery, spent my four months furlough on the first survey of the railway from Baltimore to Washington under Benj. H. Latrobe, so celebrated afterwards as a Civil Engineer. Then, I was induced by a fair lady to exchange my position in the Artillery at Old Point Comfort for John B. Magruder's place in the 7th Infantry at Fort Gibson, in order that, when he should marry her she might remain among civilized people.

Now this sacrifice to gallantry, although a great mistake of mine, was not so great a sacrifice in fact as in appearance, for I had made up my mind to study law at my Post for two years, and then to resign my commission in the army, and I thought I could study as well at Fort Gibson as at Old Point Comfort.

When I reported at Fort Gibson in February, 1832, I met orders detaching me on topographic duty, and to report to Maj. Graham at Bayou Sara, La.; and when I got there, I was not needed, and was ordered to Washington, whither I went via New Orleans and sailing packet to New York; and from Washington, I was ordered to report to Lt. Col. S. H. Long, the old time Explorer of the West, to survey the Tennessee river; but I met him at Kingsport, whence he ordered me to go to the crossing of the North Carolina line by the Nolichucky river, and descend that river, surveying it, to Knoxville, which I did by building a canoe, and running all the falls and shoals with one man who had never seen one of them before.

At Knoxville we fitted out boats, and surveyed the Tennessee to the Alabama line, and by order I staked out at the Suck below Chattanooga, a canal which I was ordered by Kirby Smith thirty years after to obstruct.

Having finished our work in Tennessee, we were ordered to winter in Philadelphia, where I made for Col. Long the plans for the first locomotive ever made by the Baldwins,

besides studying French and music and drawing, attending the theatre, and flirting not a little.

In the spring of 1833, I was ordered to Detroit for survey of the lakes; and accepted a seat with my classmate, Henry Clay, Jr., in a phaeton just bought for his young wife at Louisville. We parted at Wheeling to meet no more in this world; but I doubt not to have much enjoyment with him in the beyond to which I am hastening. He fell at Buena Vista, as Lt. Colonel of a Kentucky regiment of which Wm. R. McKee was Colonel, who also fell.

The summer and early autumn was spent in the survey of Saginaw bay; and we returned to Detroit in the snow. The winter was passed in office work, hard study, and much visiting of the ladies. I was out on a hunt in rather deep snow when the descent of fire occurred 13th Nov., 1833, and that day I got my first and only shot at a deer. The small society of Detroit at that day was very select and very enjoyable; and we had dances almost nightly; especially enjoyable were those at old Judge Sibley's, father of Gen. S. of St. Paul, where we kept time to the first piano that crossed the Alleghanies (on a litter), under the hand of Mrs. S. for whom it was imported.

In the spring of 1834, I was ordered to my post at Fort Gibson, and went by New York and Washington, as the then easiest route. At Washington Gen. Macomb insisted that I should fill a vacancy in the First Dragoons, which I accepted against my wishes, as I had resumed the intention of leaving the army for the law. Whilst awaiting the action of the Senate, I took occasion to visit friends in Baltimore, especially a lady with whom I had incidentally become acquainted two years before; with whom I had renewed friendship in Philadelphia during the winter of 1832-3, and to whom I offered my hand and heart, and left in a few hours for a two years' absence on the frontier. In the spring of 1836, I resigned my commission, hied me to Baltimore, married the lady on the 5th of May, published my pamphlet on Iowa, hastened in two weeks

after the wedding to Mississippi and Louisiana on pressing and important business for my wife's sister; returned in July, took my wife by the lakes to Chicago, and thence by stage (i. e. a common farm wagon without a spring) to Galena, and thence down by steamboat to the mouth of Pine river, where I had purchased squatters' claims to a large extent, under the belief that that was the apex of the curve of the great westward bend of the Mississippi instead of Muscatine, which had been offered me the previous winter for fifty dollars, with a fair log cabin and two stacks of hay.

At the mouth of Pine (Nye's) I laid out a town site, and named it Ellenborough for my wife, and returned to Baltimore, confident of having the basis of a fortune. On the way at Louisville I met an offer of the Chief Engineership of the State of Tennessee, but was obliged to take my wife to her friends, and await her confinement. Yet I was ready at Nashville to commence March 1st, 1837, a reconnoissance from the Mississippi river to the Virginia line, full 500 miles of main line with many doublings, and made my report, 1st October, 1837, the year of the greatest financial disaster this country has ever had; and the State suspended the works projected on her account; and I made for private parties reconnoissances westward of the Mississippi, through the region of the New Madrid earthquake of 1811.

Returning to Nashville, I was employed by certain Bank Commissioners to take a million of State bonds to New York, and I took my wife and boy with me as far as Baltimore. Soon after, at Washington, I was informed by Gen. Geo. W. Jones, delegate from Iowa that he wished me to be commissioner and astronomer on behalf of the United States, to settle the boundary between Missouri and Iowa, and the appointment was soon made, but the commissioner of the Land Office, in charge, failed to make out instructions until August; and I was forced to go by way of the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, to get the President's signature. The water in the Ohio was so low, that at Louisville I took the stage, in prefer-

ence to a steamboat, for St. Louis; and I found somebody or many sick at every stopping place on the road.

At St. Louis I made an outfit for running the boundary, and was met at Montrose by the Commissioner for Iowa, who was of no use but to consume rations, and soon left. My party followed the marked Indian boundary line towards the old northwest corner of Missouri one hundred miles north of the mouth of the Kansas river, but the cold became so intense and the snow so deep that we could never find the corner itself. Our mission was to compare its latitude with that of the head of the rapids in the Mississippi and that of the rapids of the Des Moines, in the Des Moines river itself at the Great Bend. After a week's efforts, aided by a Delaware Indian, who got from me a fine Mackinac blanket for his service, we moved down to Liberty, and there we met Joe Smith and associates, a wagon load of 'em, just brought in as prisoners, having met some thirty of his men a few days before on their way to found Nauvoo. From Liberty I sent all my men home, and visited at Jefferson the governor of Missouri, who would say nothing or do nothing towards settling the boundary dispute; and from St. Louis I fought my way through running ice to Wheeling, whence the stage took me to Baltimore, where I found my wife at death's door from hæmorrhage of the lungs brought on by overheat and fatigue in hunting up some Nashville visitors to the city. Hence came my report on the boundary to be dated at Baltimore, where it was prepared whilst I was watching for the end; but a total change of treatment; at my demand, enabled her to travel the next summer, to live in comfort, and to hold out till the following February. Meantime I had rejoined the service of the B. & O. Railway, and located many miles from Cumberland towards Pittsburgh, including Ohio Pile Falls, where I succeeded in making an immense saving in grading by virtue of knowing how to take advantage of the strata to lodge the whole cut on a smooth ledge instead of running slopes into the river eighty feet below. Latrobe said it was the first instance, in his knowledge, of applying geology to location.

After my wife died, I got up a syndicate to settle my lands in Iowa, and went with their expert agent to the locality, and to the capital at Burlington to get a charter to cover our operations; and in the spring I returned to Baltimore to meet the refusal of the syndicate to comply with their promises, although their agent reported favorably. But I was just then urged by Mr. John Bell, Secretary of War, under the administration of Wm. H. Harrison, to enter the administration as Chief Clerk of the War Department. After some demur, I accepted the place, and made a great mistake, for it converted a successful professional Civil Engineer into a scrubby politician, in the public estimation; for, although I did good service and was no partisan, after serving John Tyler for six weeks as Acting Secretary of War, after the simultaneous resignation of the Harrison Cabinet, he left me severely alone, though professing much friendliness. After a year's delay, I found out that an honest man could not live by seeking office or lobbying in Washington; and I went again to Louisiana and Mississippi to close up the business that took me there five years before; and then came back to my native home, to cultivate it, and to take care of my old mother, who had been ruled over for many years by her own slaves, that she had raised. Well, I stood the monotony a year; and then took the professorship of Mathematics and Mechanics in the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, still retaining the control of the farm, which I visited every two weeks. This new life began in 1843, and I canvassed East Tennessee for the institution in the vacation of 1844: but in 1845 I returned to Baltimore to get another wife and to bring my boy home with her. I got two most excellent women, friends on opposite sides of the same street, who ever gave me entire satisfaction. My second wife bore me five children, of whom a son and a daughter only remain, and three grand-children.

In 1851, old friends, who had put up glass works at Knoxville, and could not run them, persuaded me that if I would take a lease of the works, and give them my usual attention, that they would not only pay me well, but save their capital

and do good to the vicinity. Well, I made plenty of glass, but found no fit market for it, and failed disastrously, losing all I had, and many thousands lent me by a brother, then a banker in Washington, now a worn out, poor old man, at Jackson, Mississippi.

I turned over all my property to the creditors, making my brother last on the list, and resumed my profession, and was hard at work surveying, when called on by two syndicates, one in Texas and one at Washington, to visit Texas to examine and report upon two projects, one under Texan, the other under Mexican authorization, which I induced the parties to unite into one, which became "The Central Transit," a railway from Aransas Bay to Mazatlan, a direct distance of only 666 statute miles, with fair profile. We were driving on this project with phenomenal success until arrested by the war between the states; but just now a revival is indicated.

My political training made me deem my allegiance due to my State, and I followed her into the service of the confederacy, when I had the misfortune to offend President Davis at the outset, and he never would notice me afterward, although I served four years faithfully, including the capture of Galveston, where I met in battle my oldest son, and said the grand service of the church over his captain, Wainwright, son of the late Bishop of New York, and himself, buried in one grave. That was January 1st and 2d, 1863, and I served two years more in Texas, some very hard service, and then the war ended, without any promotions from the staff majority with which I entered in 1861. I took my family to Galveston, and had a struggle to live till a remnant of my wife's property in Baltimore was invested in a homestead here, where we have been fifteen years, most of my time given to gardening.

ALBERT M. LEA.

CORSICANA, TEXAS, Feb. 23, 1890.

HISTORY OF THE AMANA SOCIETY OR COMMUNITY OF TRUE INSPIRATION BY WILLIAM RUFUS PERKINS, A. M., PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,

AND

BARTHINIUS L. WICK, FELLOW IN HISTORY.

PUBLISHED BY THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, 1891.

PP. VI. 94.

THIS is number one of a proposed Series of Historical Monographs to be included in the list of University Publications.

As set forth in the Preface the view of the Community is taken "from the historical, and not from the communistic standpoint." Brief statements are made "as to the nature of their communistic principles, their mode of life, and their financial success."

The accuracy of the statements is fully assured since "the official consent of the Society has been given to this publication, the manuscript has been read by a number of the Trustees, and the statements herein contained may be considered as authoritative. * * The Trustees have kindly given the authors access to their records and publications," a courtesy not heretofore extended to those outside the community.

A list of nearly fifty publications consulted in the preparation of the monograph, attest the depth of research which the authors have given to their work.

The religious doctrines of the Society have their root in that "spiritual communion" taught by the Mystics from the fourth century, and receiving quite general acceptance by the middle of the seventeenth century. In Spain and Italy it appeared as *Quietism*, in France as *Jansenism*, in England as *Quakerism* and in Germany as *Pietism*.

Philip Jacob Spener, an eminent Lutheran divine, founded the sect of Pietists. After enthusiasm had cooled in the hearts of many of the early Pietists, a few of the more deeply religious among them seemed to be inspired and to utter prophecies regarding the church of the future: they were called *Inspirationists*.

Men of learning and women of deep piety claimed Inspiration and suffered persecution. On the 16th of November, 1714, a little band organized the Society now known as the Society of True Inspiration. They admitted the possibility of False Inspiration and disciplined their members accordingly. Persecution emboldened them and at the same time strengthened them.

Some of their number emigrated to America and the attention of the Society was frequently turned hitherward, but it was more than a century later (1843), that an organization was effected and a village established upon land purchased upon the Seneca Reservation near Buffalo, N. Y. After long contests over the title to their lands and threatened troubles with the Senecas, the "Ebenezer" community found peace. The principles of communism were adopted almost of necessity by reason of the poverty of many of their chief workmen employed in Germany and who were needed in their new home. A constitution was adopted February 15th, 1845, and the community was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.

Their numbers were so great that the first tract of 5000 acres proved too small, and the value of land about them had risen beyond their means to purchase. In 1855 a committee was sent to look out another location west of Chicago. This committee followed the tide of emigration to the termination of the railway at Davenport, and soon found the object of their search in the lands now occupied by the Society. The name was selected from the Bible (Song of Solomon ch. IV. 8.) Amana.

The articles of incorporation under Iowa Laws are given.

Their religious principles are very clearly stated; their community of goods is briefly sketched; their domestic life is portrayed; and their constitution is given in the original language and in an excellent English translation.

Within a small compass is contained a large amount of historical facts of succinct biography, and of statistical information.

Interest in the subject deepens as one reads. The literary quality of the work is excellent and other monographs in this line will be looked for with eager anticipation.

THE LOYAL GOVERNORS AT ALTOONA IN 1862.

EDITOR IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD:

My Dear Sir:—



IN accordance with your request I hand you herewith a brief history of the convention of the Governors of the loyal states held at Altoona, Penn., in Sept. 1862. The convention met in response to a circular sent to its members by Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, signed by himself and as I now recollect by the Governor of one or two of the other Eastern States. Part of its doings is shown in its address to the President, prepared by Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and published at the time, and another part consisted of an interview with the President, which so far as I know has not hitherto been made public, a brief and incomplete statement of which I now endeavor to supply.

Sometime during the first half of September, 1862, I received a circular, signed by Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania and one or two other Governors of States east of the Alleghanies, requesting the Governors of all the loyal states to meet at Altoona, Pennsylvania, for consultation in regard to the then critical condition of public affairs. I felt it to be my duty to attend the meeting and did so. Most of the Governors of the

loyal states attended personally or by proxies duly authenticated. I arrived on the 22d day of September, and those present met on that day in private session and conversed freely touching the condition of the country. I got the New York papers of that day either at Creston, a station west of Altoona, or at Altoona, and was delighted to find therein the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. It was afterwards claimed by some people that the Proclamation was not the deliberate judgment of the President, but that he was largely influenced in issuing it by the action of our convention. This is a mistake, as the Proclamation was published before we met.

The Proclamation was freely discussed by us. Its issuance by the President was heartily approved by most if not all present, and it was resolved that an address to the President should be prepared for presentation to him expressing that approval. Governor Andrew was appointed to prepare the address and he did so. We then discussed the condition of military affairs and especially the fitness of Gen. McClellan for military command. On this point there was some difference of opinion, but my recollection is that a decided majority were of opinion that the public welfare would be promoted by his retirement from the command of the Army of the Potomac. But as there was not the same accord of opinion on this point as there was in regard to the Emancipation Proclamation, it was decided that the address to be prepared by Gov. Andrew should not include any expression of opinion in regard to Gen. McClellan, and that we should go to Washington and have an interview with the President at which such of us as choose so to do might say what we thought on that subject. We went to Washington accordingly and an interview was arranged for, at which Gov. Andrew read the address to President Lincoln, to which he made a suitable reply. This interview was private, at our request, because we thought that as we were not in full accord it would be better not to make public our difference of opinion. Several of us expressed our opinions in regard to Gen. McClellan,

some favorable and some not favorable. Among others I gave my opinion very decidedly unfavorable. I cannot give the names of those on the one side or the other or the reasons assigned by any of them, nor can I undertake to use the language used by myself, merely the substance of it. In order to understand my position it is necessary to explain my understanding of the position of the country at the time. I did not know Gen. McClellan personally, we had never met. All I knew of him was what I had learned from others and the public prints, and it may be I did him injustice, but I think not. I did know Mr. Lincoln personally, not intimately, but I think thoroughly. He was, in my judgment, next to Washington, the greatest man our country has produced. In private life he was genial, gentle and kindly. As a public man rigidly honest, exceptionally intelligent, earnest, unselfish, brave and devoted to the preservation of the Union.

What progress had been made in September, 1862, in putting down the rebellion? In the west our armies had done some good work; we held the Mississippi down to Memphis, and the Navy had captured and held New Orleans, thus leaving Vicksburg and Port Hudson the only obstacles to the free navigation of that great river. These obstacles were removed by the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson in July of the next year and the Confederacy deprived of the vast resources of the rebel territory west of the river. Our western armies had fought the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Corinth and Wilson's creek, and covered themselves with glory.

What had the army of the Potomac done? It had done as much and as hard fighting as the western armies but with what result? If the results were not glorious and profitable the fault was not with the soldiers; where was it? I then thought and still think it was with the commander. He was often in a quarrel with the President, the Cabinet and the Radicals, as he called a large portion of the republican members of congress. He seemed to think the salvation of the country

depended on him alone and was continually complaining. When urged to make a forward movement long before he did he insisted that his troops were raw, undisciplined and not properly equipped, but did not remember that our troops in the west were as raw and undisciplined, and more poorly equipped than his, and yet did great things. The army of the Potomac had the first and best of every thing and our western armies had what was left. The army of the Potomac was better and sooner armed, better clothed, better equipped in every way than our western armies. The public position I then held compelled me to know it, and I was sometimes angry, and I fear at times a little profane about it, and yet our western troops were always doing something and McClellan was only getting ready.

It was with this knowledge and in this temper I had the conversation with President Lincoln which I am about to relate. After the reading of our address by Gov. Andrew and the President's reply, I said to the President that I spoke only for our Iowa people, that in their judgment Gen. McClellan was unfit to command his army, that his army was well clothed, well armed, well disciplined, were fighting in a cause as good as men ever fought for, and fought as bravely as men ever fought, and yet were continually whipped, and our people did not think he was a good general who was always whipped. Mr. Lincoln smiled in his genial way and said, "You Iowa people then judge generals as you do lawyers, by their success in trying cases." I replied, "Yes, something like that; the lawyer who is always losing his cases, especially when he was right and had justice on his side don't get much practice in Iowa." After some further talk in the same vein I spoke upon another point, in which I felt intense interest and upon which I had some fear my remarks would not be received in the same spirit. But I thought I knew Mr. Lincoln well enough to know that he would not take offense unless he had cause to believe offense was intended, and I thought he knew me well enough to know I would not intend to offend him. I

said, "Mr. President, our Iowa people fear and I fear that the Administration is afraid to remove Gen. McClellan." I saw the color come to his cheek and felt that I had blundered and I hastened to explain. "Understand me," I said, "we fear that the strong efforts made by Gen. McClellan and his toadies in the army to attach his soldiers to him personally and their efforts and the efforts of a certain class of politicians outside the army to cause his soldiers to believe that the severe criticisms to which the General has been subjected are intended to apply to them (the soldiers) as well as to him (their commander) have so prejudiced his soldiers' minds as to make it unsafe to remove him for fear his removal might cause insubordination, perhaps mutiny; that is what I meant when I spoke of your being afraid to remove him." And it was precisely what I meant, although I had blundered in not saying just what I meant. Mr. Lincoln was silent for a brief space, and then he said slowly and with emphasis, "Gov. Kirkwood, if I believed our cause would be benefited by removing Gen. McClellan to-morrow, I would remove him to-morrow. I do not so believe to-day, but if the time shall come when I shall so believe I will remove him promptly, and not till then." I felt and expressed myself perfectly satisfied, for I knew he meant and would do just what he said, and so ended our interview so far as I was concerned.

In reviewing at this late day the then situation, one thing is strongly impressed on my mind, Gen. McClellan was or tried to be too much of a politician and not enough of a soldier. His Harrison Bar letter, indeed his whole history as written by himself, I think shows this. It was a happy day for our country when Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, who were, and were content to be, soldiers and did not aspire to be politicians as well, devoted themselves to whipping the rebel armies and left the management of our political affairs to those to whom the people had entrusted it.

S. J. KIRKWOOD.

IOWA CITY, December 20, 1891.

HOW THE IOWA LEGISLATURE CELEBRATED
THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

[The following article was published some time ago in an Iowa newspaper. It is now presented here with many changes and corrections, at the request of the Editor of THE RECORD.]



HE fall of this great stronghold occurred on the 16th day of February, 1862. The Legislature was in session, and I had the honor of serving as Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives.

There was at this time, as usual, much party feeling, and the lines were very closely drawn. The news had been received of the investment of the Fort some days before, but I am of the opinion that its immediate capture was hardly looked for in the north, though there was a feeling of general confidence that Grant would succeed in the end. The idea of sitting down and waiting for days or weeks or months to pass away before anything would or could be accomplished, had somehow fastened itself upon the public mind. But the prompt action of Gen. Grant took everybody by surprise. Even Halleck, who was General-in-Chief of the Army, came very near bringing Grant before a court-martial, immediately thereafter. "Old Brains," as he was called, did not seem to like such quick work, but evidently thought that the army should have dug rather than fought its way into Fort Donelson. But Grant's frank and honest course in the correspondence which ensued, completely foiled the jealous intentions of his "superior officer."

The news reached Des Moines about 11 A. M., on the following day, Feb. 17th. During this particular forenoon our Iowa House of Representatives was engaged in the most nonsensical and trivial "fillibustering" that I ever saw during the ten years that I was connected with it. I do not remember the question, or rather the particular nonsense, which was in issue, but I am safe in saying that it was the merest nothing. The spirit of "cussedness" was abroad and most decidedly "on the rampage." There were

roll-calls and calls of the House almost without number. I called the "Ayes and Nays" until my head ached and ached, and the end was not yet! Finally, while the last roll-call was in progress, I was, by the tolerance of the House, proceeding with my work very slowly, calling a name with great deliberation and taking a long time to note my figures on the margin. Some member ventured to hint that "the clerk didn't act as though he intended to finish the roll-call before it would be time to sow wheat!" I had called about half the names, when I saw Hon. Frank W. Palmer, then State Printer and editor of *The Register*, enter the hall in a manner betokening intense excitement. I saw him glide along very rapidly and noiselessly outside of the circle of seats and into the Speaker's desk. In an instant, the Speaker, Hon. Rush Clark, of Johnson County, sprang to his feet, in the very midst of the roll-call, shouting at the top of his voice, "Gen. Grant has captured Fort Donelson!" Then followed a scene, which in the language of highly-wrought novels, "beggars description." The members sprang to their feet with the wildest cheers and hurrahs that ever woke the echoes of the Old Capitol building. The contemptible little political squabble was as completely forgotten as though it had happened in some antediluvian time, and the members went fairly wild, hugging each other, shaking hands, cheering, and in every possible manner giving way to expressions of extravagant delight. In a few seconds, the Senators, startled by the noise and confusion, came rushing in. After perhaps ten minutes these demonstrations came to a partial lull. I turned to the Speaker, and asked him what I should do with my roll-call. "Go right along with it," said he, and I attempted to finish it. But it was extremely difficult to get anybody's attention. One member, when his name was called, replied, "I don't care a ——!" All were heartily ashamed of the proceedings, and an attempt was made to blot the whole business out of the day's journal. An adjournment was soon effected, and I think Des Moines never saw a happier afternoon and evening.

The old Des Moines House, long ago superseded by a brick building, was then kept by the late Col. Spofford. By common consent the Members and Senators assembled there to celebrate "the famous victory." After dinner the cloth was removed, to be followed by a wonderful popping of corks from champagne bottles. That was in pre-prohibition times. Many enthusiastic, patriotic and warlike speeches were made, and it is my deliberate judgment that a number of our Iowa solons awoke with fearful head-aches the next morning. This was immediately after the famous Trent affair, and the average loyal man's indignation against Great Britain was just as near the boiling point as that feeling ever gets. Everybody's blood was up. The reader whose recollection goes back to that time can readily recall the fact that Commodore Wilkes, one of our most distinguished naval officers, had over-hauled the Trent, a British vessel, and taken as prisoners, Messrs. J. M. Mason of Virginia, and John Slidell of Louisiana, who were going over as agents of the Confederate Government. Great Britain very naturally, and no doubt properly, as we would all look at the matter now, resented this act as an insult to her authority over her own ships on the high seas, and demanded that Mason and Slidell should at once be delivered up. Just at that time this was a hard, hateful thing to do, but Mr. Lincoln acted promptly and restored them at once to the status in which Commodore Wilkes had found them. I remember seeing a cartoon, in *The London Punch*, which sufficiently indicated the state of feeling in "the mother country." A great cannon was pointed from a fort looking out seaward. "Britannia," in her helmet and other panoply of war, stood behind the gun, just ready to pull the lanyard. Under the picture were the significant and most insulting words: "Waiting for an answer!"

But Mr. Seward was quick in writing and publishing a despatch which indicated on its face that our Government had at once seen the unmistakeable error of Commodore Wilkes, and had promptly taken the initiative in making the amplest

reparation. So "Britannia" did not shoot. "Old Abe," himself, was reported to have remarked, that "one war at a time was enough."

Among the speakers at that noisy table, of whom my recollection is most distinct, was our illustrious War Governor, Samuel J. Kirkwood, who "still lives," in his 79th year. His blood had been at a very high temperature over this Trent business, and the inspiration of the occasion did not in the least tend to cool him off. In the midst of his remarks, every word weighing a pound, while the perspiration freely ran down his face, he said: "Parents should rear their children to hate Old England! If I had a son——" Just opposite the Governor sat poor Redfield, then a Senator from Dallas County, a graduate of Yale, a glorious fellow, who afterward "foremost fighting fell," before Atlanta. When the Governor reached this point Redfield could not restrain his enthusiasm, but bringing his fist down upon the table with the force of a sledge-hammer, exclaimed: "By ——, Governor, you shall have!"

This demonstration "brought down the house!" The Governor did not finish the sentence. I must confess that my memory is misty concerning the remainder of his speech. I believe he soon yielded the floor to some one else. But his look of sternness while uttering the words I have quoted, I have never forgotten.

It was a more than joyful time. Every Democrat in the legislature was a war Democrat, whatever he might have been twenty-four hours before. One of the Dubuque delegation, a jolly Irishman, was found just outside the hotel, sitting on a log, fanning himself with his hat, though it was a zero day. "Why," said he, "this is the hottest day of the season!" That evening, at his boarding-house, this gentleman was reported to have lost his balance on the stairs, while coming to his supper, and to have come tumbling down into the hall. The good landlady rushed thither in alarm. The man was found unhurt, sitting on the floor, waving his hat and "hurrahing for Fort Donelson!"

Adjutant General N. B. Baker was a master-spirit of the occasion, and one of the most exuberant men in the crowd. At one time I saw him carrying on his stalwart back, both Major R. D. Kellogg, the member from Decatur County, and Hon. Sam. Fairall, of Johnson, who has since become a dignified Judge. Baker backed into one of the low windows with his heavy load and spilled "the boys" out into the street! Gen. Baker died in the Centennial year, but Kellogg and Fairall "still live," gray-haired veterans of politics, entitled by reason of long service, to a membership in the ancient and honorable association of Pioneer Law Makers of Iowa, and presumably too dignified now to indulge in such wild pranks. The proceedings of the day would scarcely be deemed dignified, even in a Legislature farther out than Iowa. But it was the first victory of any consequence in the West, and every one felt too elated to think of anything but the most clamorous rejoicing. It was now believed to be demonstrated that the North could and would conquer the Rebellion. If, in the light of sober history, it should be thought that men acted wildly, it cannot be denied that they had a very good right to feel well. Many who were present participating in these boisterous "proceedings" afterward rendered to the cause of the Union services of the grandest character; some gave their lives, the highest evidence of patriotic devotion.

It was but a few hours until joy over the great victory gave place to sorrow for the fate of the gallant dead, who had fallen in the desperate charge of the immortal Second Iowa Infantry. Two young men, well known in Des Moines, where they resided, Weeks and Doty, had been killed, while many more were severely wounded. The remains of the dead were tenderly brought home for burial. The funeral was a memorable one. It was attended by the legislature and the officers of State, and an eloquent oration was pronounced by Hon. Daniel O. Finch, who is now a resident of Seattle, Washington. The regiment had just before incurred the displeasure of some over-technical general officer, and had been placed

under some trifling ban. But it had now covered itself with glory, winning laurels that shall never fade. Even the phlegmatic Gen. Halleck wrote, "The Second Iowa proved themselves the bravest of the brave." It is not unlikely that future historians will speak of this charge, led by Gen. Tuttle of Des Moines, as fully equal to that of Mad Anthony Wayne at Stony Point. The flag of the regiment was proudly brought to Des Moines and formally presented to the State, in the Hall of Representatives. I remember that there were several bullet-holes in the flag, and that the staff had twice been nearly cut in two by musket balls. A patriotic sentiment, an interesting relic of the times, written "under the flag of the Second Iowa," by Hon. Rush Clark, our popular and most excellent Speaker of the House, is carefully preserved in the Collection in the State Library. Many incidents of individual prowess in the terrific charge, were current in the papers of the day, or reported "by word of mouth." Colonel Tuttle had greatly distinguished himself; young and stalwart and brave, he had proven an ideal leader. He headed the charge and was one of the first to bound over the rebel entrenchments. The honor of "leading the forlorn hope" had been tendered to several regimental commanders, who declined it. Tuttle accepted it at once, and promised to enter the rebel works "in twenty minutes," if he could be promptly supported. Of his assaulting party of three hundred, fully one-half fell dead or wounded, for they were a target for the concentrated fire of three Confederate regiments of infantry. Captain Stuart says in his book, "Iowa Colonels and Regiments:"

"Fifteen thousand prisoners, many ordnance stores, and much other property were the fruits of this victory. There were other fruits, though these seem not to be relished by the public palate. The Commander-in-Chief, and every division commander in the fight, were made Major-Generals, and every brigade commander was made a Brigadier. The Second Iowa Infantry, therefore, not only made U. S. Grant, C. F. Smith, J. A. McClelland and Lew Wallace, Major Generals,

but Lauman and some ten others, Brigadiers! It also broke the line of the enemy's defences, which extended in the southwest from Bowling Green to Columbus, and opened up the enemy's country south to the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. The regiment did still more, it forced Gen. Wharton to evacuate Bowling Green, captured Buckner and frightened into flight Pillow at Donelson, and compelled Polk to evacuate Columbus, on the Mississippi."

This language is of course extravagant, but it shows how public sentiment was at that time, touching the great exploit of our Second Regiment of Infantry. From this time forward, under the wise and determined leadership of Gen. Grant, the fortunes of the great civil war underwent a decided change in the West: doubt gave place to perfect confidence in the final result. A few months later Iowa most promptly responded to one of the largest calls ever made upon her for "more troops," and it is safe to say that while our whole people were nobly self-sacrificing and patriotic, the grand charge of the peerless Second Iowa at Fort Donelson became both an example and an inspiration.

General J. M. Tuttle's sword, "the sword of Donelson," was lately deposited by his son in the Collection at the Capitol, with his commissions as Captain, Colonel and Brigadier-General, and sundry letters by Generals Grant, Sherman, McPherson and Logan. Capt. Thomas C. McCall, of Story County, who was a member of the House at the time of this most hilarious and uproarious celebration of the victory of Fort Donelson, is this winter a white-haired State Senator, an honored link in connecting the present with the glorious past.

CHARLES ALDRICH.

IOWA STATE LIBRARY, Dec. 26th, 1891.

HISTORY OF A FLAG -FROM DISGRACE TO GLORY—A STIGMA WIPED OUT WITH COURAGE AND VALOR.

THE Second Iowa Volunteer Infantry was the first regiment enlisted in the state for the three years service, and no regiment was better officered than it. Four of those who were its colonels in succession, S. R. Curtis, Jas. M. Tuttle, J. B. Weaver, and M. M. Crocker, became generals, and the two who did not reach that rank died of wounds received in the battle of Corinth. While it was exceedingly well "officered" it was equally as well "privated," for its ranks were filled from our best class of citizens in some of the older counties of the state.

They were mustered into service the last of May, and until the next February were on duty mostly in Missouri, their last service in that state being the guarding of rebel prisoners in the McDowell Medical College in St. Louis. While performing this latter duty, some articles were stolen from the museum of the college, and as the person or persons who did the stealing could not be found out, the punishment for the theft was inflicted upon the whole regiment, and punishment was expressed in an order issued by Gen. Hamilton, commandant of the post, declaring that the march of the regiment from camp to the place of embarkation to be taken to Fort Donelson, should be made without the tap of a drum, the blast of a bugle or the note of a fife, and with furled and undisplayed banner. The regiment was disgraced. Their flag was hiding its bright stars and brilliant stripes, emblems of a country's glory and a nation's pride, and no patriot's eye was permitted to greet, or soldiers enthusiasm to cheer them.

At the time the regiment was drawn up in line before the College it had been guarding, preparatory to its march to the river, when the order disgracing it was to be read, a young lady appeared with a large wreath of flowers to be presented

to the regiment and attached to and adorn the flag as a tribute from loyal citizens to the regiment for its valor, its loyalty and good conduct while in St. Louis.

The flag going down in disgrace carried the wreath along with it.

To say that both officers and privates were indignant is expressing it too mildly. They were mad, almost fighting mad. A war of words between Col. Tuttle and Gen. Hamilton failed to procure a revocation of the order. It was an outrage. It was like hanging a man for murder on suspicion, on public rumors without the intervention of judge or jury. It was punishing a thousand men for what but a few could possibly be guilty of, and in the absence of proof that even one of that thousand was guilty.

Col. Tuttle appealed to Gen. Halleck for justice, and all the response he could get from him was, "Go to the front, Gen. Grant shall give you a fighting chance, and no man will, if you prove heroes, be so quick to let the country know it as myself." They "went to the front." They "got a fighting chance." Through the abattis, up the steep ascent and over the entrenchments of Donelson, in the face of a furious storm of iron hail and leaden rain, with comrades falling all around them, they carried that flag till it was proudly, triumphantly planted on the entrenchments from which the rebels had been driven and there it was permitted to wave over the humiliating white flag of capitulated foes.

On its way there, color bearer Doolittle falls pierced with four balls. The disgraced banner is then taken by corporal Page, who soon falls dead. Again it was raised by corporal Churcher who had the strong right arm that bore it broken by a ball. It was then grasped by corporal Twombly who, though knocked down by a spent ball, arose and gallantly carried the glorious banner to the end of the fight. Thus in less than a week from the time it was in disgrace at St. Louis that disgrace was wiped out in a blaze of glory by the brave boys of whose courage and valor it was a proud emblem.

True to his promise Gen. Halleck let the country know the boys had "proved themselves heroes," for only three days after the battle he telegraphed Adjutant General Baker, "The Second Iowa Infantry proved themselves the bravest of the brave. They had the honor of leading the column that entered Fort Donelson."

No one felt more keenly the reproach heaped upon this regiment than did Gov. Kirkwood and he wrote to Gen. Hamilton as follows:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, IOWA, DES MOINES, Feb. 17th, 1862.
*Schuyler Hamilton, Brigadier General Vols., U. S. A.,
Commanding St. Louis Dist., St. Louis, Mo.*

Sir:—I received your letter of the 10th, inst., enclosing special orders Nos. 28 and 30, dated on the 9th and 10th inst., in relation to the 2nd Regiment Iowa Infantry. The former of these orders commends that regiment very highly for their conduct to certain prisoners that were for a long time in their custody. The latter is intended to throw dishonorable reflections thereon on account of the robbing and destruction committed by its members on the museum.

After mature reflection I cannot consent to retain these orders in my possession or to place them on the files of this Department, and therefore return them with the letters enclosing them. My reasons for so doing are that by retaining and filing these orders I would to some extent admit the justness of the imputations contained in the latter order. This I cannot do and there is therefore no other course open for me to pursue than the one indicated. The good name of her soldiers is very dear to the people of Iowa, and undeserved disgrace shall not by any act of mine attach to this or any other regiment or to any individual of the brave men she has sent out to fight the battles of the country.

It appears both from the order itself and your letter that but a very few members of the regiment *could* have been guilty of the acts on which the order was based, and it does not appear but that persons entirely outside the regiment *may* have committed these acts. There are very many members of that regiment whose standing socially, morally and intellectually, is equal to yours or mine, who feel an imputation upon their honor as keenly as either of us can do, and I must be permitted to say that in my judgment it is harsh and cruel to subject them to the pain of humiliation and disgrace in consequence of acts not committed by themselves and the commission of which by others they could not prevent. The feeling produced by undeserved punishment is never a healthy one and cannot produce desirable results. * * *

I trust that measures may be taken to relieve the regiment from the imputation cast upon it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Gov. Kirkwood also wrote Gen. Halleck in regard to it. But the blood of the brave boys who bore it blotted out the stain upon their banner more completely than a deluge of ink from the pen of a Major General could possibly do it.

During the session of the Legislature the Flag was delivered by Col. Tuttle to Hon. R. D. Kellogg, a member of the House, with the injunction that it be placed over the Speaker's chair till the end of the session and then be deposited in the archives of the State Historical Society.

The presentation was made with imposing ceremonies. The Senate in a body and the United States officers were invited to be present.

The Sergeant-at-Arms announced his Excellency the Governor and his Staff bearing the Flag, and upon their entrance the audience arose to their feet.

His Excellency then proceeded to the Speaker's desk and thereupon presented the Flag to the Speaker with the following remarks:

MR. SPEAKER:—The Second Iowa Regiment have sent by the commission that visited Fort Donelson to look after our wounded soldiers there the Flag borne by them on that bloody but glorious day, when our troops first entered that strong hold of Rebellion, with the request that it hang over your chair until the adjournment and then be deposited in the State Historical Society, and I have been selected to perform the very pleasant duty of presenting the Flag to you in accordance with that request.

I have been on the ground over which our brave men bore this flag on that trying day. I have traced their steps over that battle field, and it will always be to me a marvel that human hearts and human hands could have borne it as it was borne, proudly and defiantly, amid the terrible difficulties and the storm of battle it there breasted and overcame. But the men who bore it were the men of Iowa. They had strong hands and brave hearts, they knew that the hopes and fears, the prayers and tears of fair women and brave men went with

them, they knew they fought for God and their country, and they conquered, and the Flag I now present first among all borne by loyal hands waved in triumph over the entrenchments of Fort Donelson. This is not the flag of a regiment merely, nor does it bear the arms of our State, it is the flag of our country, it bears upon its folds Stars and Stripes, *all* the Stars and *all* the Stripes, the same old Flag bequeathed to us by our forefathers, very dear to us both because of those from whom it came and of what it has given us, and which we intend, God willing, to transmit to our children with never a star or stripe the less. It symbolizes to us not only the ardent patriotism, the patience, endurance and the fiery valor of those who bore it first of all over the entrenchments of Fort Donelson, but, more and better, it symbolizes to us the virtues of those who formed it, the blessings it has secured to us and the dearest hopes for liberty throughout the world.

I now commit it to your hands. But by this pageant we have not discharged our trust and duty. We owe it to the Flag, and to the brave men who have borne it and died for it, that we devote all we have, hearts, hands, minds and means, to the good cause till it shall again wave over our country and our people.

The speaker, Hon. Rush Clark, received the Flag suspended it over his chair, and responded as follows:

Hail to the Flag of our Country! Emblem of our nation's glory, the honored escutcheon of a free people! Let our Flag wave evermore, with all the Stars and all the Stripes! What tongue can now add to its renown? What mere words tell of the achievements written upon its ample folds? Who of men so high as to refuse our Flag his reverence? What nation so proud or powerful as to dare insult it?

Hail to the Flag of the Iowa Second, thrice honorable! so gallantly upheld, so nobly defended. Who would blush to be its future custodians?

Sir, to say in behalf of the members of this House that we are flattered by this lofty work of the confidence of Iowa

Soldiers, they too "the bravest of the brave," would but meanly convey to you and them the depth of intense pride which this token brings us. We are proud that the State which we represent has such a Regiment as that which followed and defended this Flag. We are proud that the people who sent us here have sent to the field such sons and brothers as answer to the muster rolls of the Iowa Second. We are proud, too, that they are a portion of the constituency we serve. Permit us, sir, through you, to say to the gallant officers and soldiers of the Iowa Second that we accept this earnest of their regard as a thing priceless as our honor.

We have been taught from our infancy to regard this symbol of our nationality with the respect due from loyal and patriotic men. We have looked upon it in boyhood and in manhood as the token of our liberties. We have read upon it the consecrated history of a revolutionary struggle for freedom, blood stained, and full of woe to our suffering forefathers. We have learned how the tri-colored banner was first flung to a summer's breeze under the shadow of Bunker Hill, and we followed it in history through many mighty struggles, and we never found it trailed in the dust of dishonor. It remained for the volunteer soldiery of our gallant State to add to the familiar list we read upon its folds those other names, "Wilson's Creek," "Blue Mills," "Belmont," and last but most significant, "Donelson."

The valorous deeds of the Iowa Second are already a part of our National History and make up one of its most brilliant pages. It would be vain to rehearse them now. The unfaltering onset of these gallant men is written in the sleepless memory of a million free men. Nothing can be abated, none of their achievements forgotten.

This standard is no idle curiosity, no mere relic of the past. Its folds, riddled by the murderous lead of rifles of an enemy poisoned by the hate that only a fratricidal foe can feel, tell of scenes of carnage that have few parallels, and of dauntless, unflinching bravery that challenges the history of the world.

We only know that the unwavering advance of the Iowa Second at Donelson was as resistless as the sweep of the tornado.

These glorious colors were borne forward amidst the leaden rain, no man faltering, no man fearing, but still pressing forward in the face of a stubborn and desperate foe, till the brave work was done and the splendid charge rewarded with a prize significant of the highest vindication of our country and our cause.

Here the human heart bids us pause to speak of those who have followed the flag of our country for the last time. Who would not die as they? A grateful country has given them a hallowed and undying memory, and a generous state mourns for them in public silence. They are enshrined in the great heart of a free people.

Sir, we will see that these colors are handed down to the free men who will come after us as a precious part of our State's proud history. Let these colors be as sacred to them as "the last bequest of a sainted mother!" Let the gallant volunteers in all coming time draw from the memory that clings to these colors the spirit of the heroic men that followed them to find a soldier's grave before the entrenchments of the enemies of their country's liberties. May the gray haired old man pause uncovered at the niche where this flag may be pointed out, and let him there relate to the youth beside him the events which rendered these colors immortal. Let that youth be told of the generous love a loyal state bears to its gallant soldiery, and let him there be taught "to defend the Flag and obey the Constitution of his Country."

The exercises were concluded by singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

H. W. LATHROP.

THE INDIAN AND THE FIRST SETTLER.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MUSCATINE ACADEMY OF
SCIENCE ON JAN. 5TH, 1892, BY J. P. WALTON.

IN preparing this paper it has been my aim to collect and preserve historical facts pertaining to this locality that yet remain unpublished.

Previous to the maturity of the treaty of 1832 this locality was unsettled and unused except by the Indian, who, when he removed from the Rock river valley, made it a prominent stopping place. Within the limits of our county were two quite distinguished Indian villages, Keokuk, the ruling Sac, and Poweshiek, the leading Fox, were the principal men of these tribes and villages.

Keokuk's village was situated in the bottom on the west side, near the foot of the lake known by that name, some six or eight miles to the southwest of Muscatine. It is said that this lake got its name from the chief that occupied this village on its bank. Around this village, and in fact for six or eight miles along the bottom under the bluff, the Indian planted his corn. So far as I know an Indian corn-field has never been described.

I came here but two years after the Indian quit growing corn here, and have been in a great many old corn-fields, but did not know it for years after. I used to wonder where the Indian or Ishknoppe grew his tomanock or corn, and how they did it. The process was very simple. They made their hills three or four feet apart without any regularity whatever, possibly using the same ground and the same hill that their predecessors had done for ages before. In the spring at planting time they removed the weeds, usually carrying them out of the field, and dug up the top of the hill and planted their corn. In tilling they would always scrape the earth up to the corn. This manner of tillage kept the hill identical for year

after year. I have often thought that this system of growing corn, or these perpetual hills, gave rise to the term "hill of corn." I think that the white man borrowed the term when he borrowed the corn. The corn they raised was a variety of 8-rowed corn; we knew it by the name of squaw corn and raised it for several years for green corn. It was blue in color; when ripe it was quite-soft and when crushed was white and floury. It produced fairly well; I think 30 or 40 bushels could have been gathered from an acre.

While wandering around in the bottom lands at an early day I have often noticed groups of small mounds or hills from eight to twelve inches high and quite thickly together. I used to think they were gopher hills, but have since learned that they were Indian corn-fields. Some years ago I was riding from Rock Island to Black Hawk's Tower in company with Bailey Davenport. He remarked that we were then passing through an Indian corn-field. The corn hills were quite distinct, although it was fully 60 years since corn was grown there. They occasionally fenced their growing corn to keep their ponies from eating it. The pony was usually educated to stay where they left him. The Indians would frequently ride into Bloomington and leave their ponies in a "bunch" near the town and go to Rock Island to get their pay and not return for a week or two. The ponies would not stray a quarter of a mile away from where they were left.

In speaking of Keokuk's village, John Holiday, who visited it but a short time after Keokuk left it, says that nearly all the high ground in the bottom west of the lake was occupied by their buildings—at least forty or fifty acres.

At the close of the Black Hawk war when Black Hawk became a prisoner, his authority as a chief was at an end and Keokuk was his successor. This made the latter's village the principal one of the Sac and Fox Indians, whose territory extended from the Neutral Ground near Dubuque on the north to the Missouri river on the south and from the Mississippi river on the east, and for all Indian purposes to the setting sun on the west.

Catlin, in his description of the treaty of 1832 at Davenport, says that "Keokuk was the principal speaker on the occasion, being recognized as the head chief of the tribe. He was a very subtle and dignified man, and well fitted to wield the destinies of his nation. The poor, dethroned monarch, old Black Hawk, was present and looked an object of pity. He stood the whole time outside the group and in dumb, dismal silence, with his son by his side. They were not allowed to speak, nor even sign the treaty."

The other noted village was the home of Poweshiek, the Fox chief. He was one of the finest specimens of human nature we ever saw. His village was located on the west bank of the Cedar river, near the west end of the Saulsbury, bridge, some twelve miles from our city. It was said that during the winter of 1834-35 the small pox broke out and proved very fatal, and was likely to depopulate the village. As a remedy, as fast as one was taken down, they were taken out to the sandy ground in the rear of the village and shot and buried. Years afterwards skulls with bullet holes in them were washed from the river bank.

These Indian villages were abandoned in 1836 or '37, although the Indians had the privilege of hunting and fishing until November, 1837, and this privilege they used for a few years later.

The late Suel Foster told me that White Hawk, an Indian chief, had a village on the Illinois side of the river opposite our city. We presume it was only a temporary one.

There may have been other smaller village that we have not mentioned within the limits of our county.

There was one, possibly the original Muscatine, on the high ground just south of T. B. Holcomb's residence. Their burying ground was in a grove of jack oak trees, long since washed into the river, opposite Albert Barrow's present dwelling, not more than a mile south of the city limits. When these graves were being washed out great numbers of beads, silver buckles, brooches, hair bands and trinkets were picked

up; gold trinkets were found occasionally and frequently an old gun or pistol would be found. The occupants of these graves, whoever they were, undoubtedly possessed more wealth than usually fell to the lot of a common Indian. The identity of the inhabitants of this village is a little problematical. Mr. Irving B. Richman, who has been looking up Indian history quite recently, tells me that there was a band of Musquitin Indians belonging to or connected with the Sac and Fox Indians and also that as early as 1816 this Prairie Island was known as Musquitin Prairie. If such was the fact it is quite probable that these were the Musquitin Indians; hence the name was affixed to the Island. In those Indian days it took something more noticeable or memorable than a mere report of a government officer to affix a name to a locality. Lieut. Z. M. Pike in 1805 named this Prairie Island, "Grant's Prairie," a name it never retained. This fact if nothing else would go far in helping one to conclude that the Indian did the naming that proved most acceptable.

After the Black Hawk war, when the Indians were removed to the west bank of the river, the U. S. government used to issue large amounts of corn to them. This point was the place of distribution and of course it brought great numbers here. This place was known by the Indians as Tomanock or Corn Bluff; by the Whites or Chimockerman as the Grindstone Bluff. It was a quite important place. Col. Davenport erected a trading house that stood near the foot of our present Iowa Avenue. The day that Iowa became a territory it was destroyed for a 4th of July bon-fire. With the destruction of this house about the last Indian vestage disappeared.

In considering the Early Settler I will read from my notes made last summer:

MUSCATINE, IOWA, July 23d, 1891.—I have just made a trip across the river and called on Hon. Err. Thornton who lives some five miles southeast of here in Drury township. His P. O. address is Foster post office. I was in company with John Holiday, an old acquaintance of Mr. Thornton. Both of

them came from Tippecanoe county, Indiana, and were old acquaintances before coming here. Mr. Thornton was 84 years old on yesterday, the 22d. John Holliday is 85 years old. Mr. Thornton says that himself, his brother Lott and several others came West and stopped near New Boston, Ill., in the spring of 1834 or '35, he is not certain which, (we find by other history that it was in 1834,) and on the fifth day of June he and his brother Lott and three others, five in all, crossed the Mississippi river at New Boston to look for land.

They crossed over to Blawck Hawk, now Toolsborough, and started north. They were joined by a man by the name of Fisher who belonged to a religious sect called Seceders, and had been over in Louisa county making claims. Acting as their pilot he took them up about where Grandview now stands and said that they were then up to the north line of their claims. (I think such a sect settled west of the Iowa river near Columbus City; possibly some may have located east of the river.) He said they could have all the land they wanted north of that place. Bidding them goodby he left them. While traveling north in the bottom in the rear of the present Port Louisa, they found a Mr. Kennedy and family, a brother of the present William Kennedy of Louisa county, who were camped for the day, and boiling coffee, treated our party very kindly. They then traveled north to where they afterwards took their claims near Whiskey Hollow. Here was a fine bottom with plenty of timber, an indispensable article for a pioneer settler. They concluded to investigate the extent of the timber, so they started up Whiskey Hollow and came out to the prairie somewhere near where the railroad goes out. It was then night. They cut some brush to make beds of and lighted a fire on an old white oak log. In the night Thornton was awakened by distant thunder. He aroused the others and they had but time to draw on their boots and get each to his tree before the storm came. While hugging to the lee of their trees their fire blew to a great distance and they thought they had lost it all, (a very serious loss when it had to be

lighted with flint and steel,) but by good fortune some remained in a knot-hole from which they rebuilt another.

As soon as it was lighted enough (about 3 o'clock) they started on their way. They traveled along the timber until they struck an Indian trail that led them down the bluff some five miles west of our city. Here they found an Indian's wickup. The Indian with his squaw and two or three papposes were planting corn. They had pulled up the weeds and carried them off the land and were planting on the tops of the old hills. The Indian soon commenced begging for bread for his children. They did not understand his language, and to convince him that they had none they had to show him what they had. It had the desired effect. The Indian taking pity on them set the squaw to washing out the pot to get them something to eat. They were not hungry enough to eat Indian cooking so they started. The old Indian followed them and made them take a dried buffalo fish, which they reluctantly did. The did not know how hard pressed they might be and concluded to carry it along. When they arrived at the old trading house (near where our passenger depot now stands) they found the house vacant but a great many Indians around. The Indians appeared very friendly and seemed willing to help them, but not being acquainted with their talk they could not understand one another.

Mr. Thornton thinks if they could have understood the Indians they would have been a great help to them at this time. After leaving the trading house they took the trail that led up to Mad Creek near 9th street bridge. The rain the previous night had raised Mad Creek way out of its banks, so there was no crossing at that place. They started up the creek and followed it up to the prairie. There they cut some willows and made a bridge and crossed. By this time they were getting very hungry. They tried the Indian's fish. They cut some pieces and put it in their mouths; the more they chewed it the larger it grew. They found it would no answer their purpose and threw it away, and started for their

place of destination—the town of Stevenson, now Rock Island. Not knowing anything of the geography of this country they continued in a northwesterly course. Striking an extensive ravine they concluded to follow it down (it was most likely the head-waters of Sweetland Creek.) It was getting well along in the day; the other men had about given out and declared they would have to stop and rest, and they did. Mr. Thornton being the best walker of the party concluded he would climb the hill to the east. When he got to the top he could see the Muscatine Island on his right and could see Ben. Nye's cabin on the left, with men at work around it. This cheered him up considerably. He returned to the others and reported the news. They refused to believe, but finding he was going to continue his march, they joined him.

When they arrived at Mr. Nye's they stated the condition of their hunger. Aunt Zuby (Mrs. Nye) said she had some mush they could eat until she could cook them something. She then got a meal. Mr. Nye appeared to have plenty to live on, something not very common among new settlers.

Just before night a steamboat came down the river and they all got on board and returned to New Boston. This ended his first trip to Black Hawk Purchase, now Iowa. He says that this second day's work was the hardest one he ever did in his life.

Something like a week afterwards they took two teams and four or five men and went up to their claims and built two cabins, one for his brother Lott and the other for himself. One of the first things they did was to burn a coal pit. They had some blacksmith tools with them and had to have coal to do work on their prairie plows before they could do breaking. They needed a grindstone. So they took a couple of yoke of oxen and wagon and went up to our bluff and got a piece of sand-stone and made one to grind their scythes, axes and other tools.

This account of the first trip of Mr. Thornton to Black

Hawk Purchase is of considerable interest to Muscatine county. It settles the long disputed question. "Who was the first settler in this county?" Mr. Thornton has heretofore claimed to have been here before Mr. Nye, and at my suggestion it has been so published. But after hearing this story in the presence of an old acquaintance, one that knew him before he came here, and followed him but a year later and has known him ever since, I am satisfied that the honor of being the "First Settler" belongs to Mr. Benjamin Nye.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, CAL., Jan. 4th, 1892.

EDITOR IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD:—



HASTEN to forward you a communication that I have just received, hoping that it may reach you in time for the January RECORD. As you will see, it relates to important history that has never yet been published, and will make a material difference in the history of the same import, now published. The Historical Society of Southern California is putting in some good work by occasionally unearthing historic facts that have been slumbering for ages; they will astonish the world as did the raising of a Lazarus. There are many historic records and relics that will yet be called forth from obscure concealment through the medium and instrumentality of the Historical Societies of the country, and they will revolutionize and correct history in many points. Historical Societies are as a general thing doing this at their own expense. I trust the time is coming when the law makers of every state will see the importance of a reasonable appropriation to aid in the good work of gathering

up important facts, that we may leave behind us correct history for the coming generations. Trusting that the inclosed communication will be of much interest to the readers of THE RECORD,

I am truly yours,
N. LEVERING.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, CAL., Dec. 29th, 1892.

Col. J. B. Griffin, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:—I am informed that you have in your possession, somewhat ancient and valuable Spanish documents of an important historic character relative to the early discovery and history of the Pacific coast. Will you please inform me of their character and of their probable publication, and much oblige.

Yours truly,
N. LEVERING.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,

LOS ANGELES, CAL., 714 Downey Ave., 30th Dec., 1891.

Judge Noah Levering, Colegrove, Cal.

Mr. Dear Judge:—In answer to your favor of the 27th instant, in which you make inquiry concerning some ancient documents relating to the history of the Pacific coast, and notably of California, I desire to say:

Some eight years ago Mr. Adolph Sutro, of San Francisco, caused a search to be made in the Archives of the Indies, at Seville, Spain, for documents, containing information relative to the early history of our coast, which had not been made use of by historians. Mr. Sutro succeeded in obtaining several such documents. He gave to the Very Rev. J. Adam, V. G., a member of our Society, the photo-lithographic copy of the letter written, 28th December, 1602, from Monterey Bay, by Sebastian Vizcaino, commander of a Spanish expedition which, in 1602-3, explored our coast as far to the northward as Columbia river, and who discovered and named (after the then Viceroy of Mexico) the Bay of Monterey. This document Father Adam presented to our Society. I translated and annotated it, as you may remember, and it was published by the Society. Mr. Sutro had a copy of the letter, translation and notes handsomely bound, and presented the same to President Harrison, on occasion of his visit to our state.

This led to a correspondence between Mr. Sutro, Mr. Stephens (our very active secretary) and myself, which correspondence culminated in Mr. Sutro's presenting to us authenticated copies of eighteen other documents obtained by him from the Archives of Seville, in 1883-4, by special permission of the King of Spain.

These documents were referred to me for examination. I found that they were documents which had never been examined by the writers employed by Mr. H. H. Bancroft, of San Francisco (and, as you know, I was, for three years, one of the writers employed by that gentleman) or any other historian.

I translated and annotated these documents, and, during this year, they have been read before the Society.

The Society was of opinion, on my suggestion, that these very important nineteen documents should be published, since they never had been published, either in Europe or in this country, and, as you are aware, I was selected as editor, and the book is now going through the press.

The book will consist of about 160 pp. 16 oct., and will form part 1 of vol. 2 of our publications. Typographically it will be, I think, all that can be desired. The work has been copyrighted, so that the Society must be credited for giving this information to the world, and the edition will consist of 1000 copies.

The book will contain a *fac-simile* of one of the letters of Father Junipero Serra, founder of our commonwealth, printed in the color to which the ink of the original has faded, and having an authentication that it is genuine from the keeper of the India Archives at Seville and the royal permission to Mr. Sutro for obtaining it. The document itself will be given in its proper place.

The nineteen documents will be printed in Spanish, the originals being carefully followed in spelling, punctuation, &c. After each document will be given a translation in English; and, if this does not suit the scholar, he may make a translation of his own. The necessary foot-notes will accompany the translations, and I have endeavored to show in them, and have shown, the many errors made by the writers employed by Mr. Bancroft. These documents relate to islands discovered in the Pacific in 1567; to the loss of the galleon, *San Agustin*, in 1585, in Francis Drake's Bay, to Vizcaino's two voyages, in 1597 and in 1602-3, to the voyage of Juan Perez, from Monterey to 55° north latitude, in 1774, all being documents of very great importance.

As I have said, the work is now in press, and I confidently hope that I may be able to ask the Society's acceptance of it by 1st February, 1892. As you know, I am obliged to do all of the work. There is a deal of bad Spanish in the originals, and I am in constant war with the compositors to get them to "follow copy."

I think that the publication of this book will bring great credit to the Society. And, as the appropriation for the Columbian Exposition, after the decision in our Supreme Court, is a fact, and our constitution does not forbid such appropriations, I hope that the bill asking for an appropriation, which the Society proposes to introduce in the next legislature, will pass.

Yours very truly,

JNO. BUTLER GRIFFIN.

POSETOE.

OR THE OLD MAN OF THE CREEK.



HE was once young and full of hope, was born and grew to manhood in one of the beautiful valleys of Western Pennsylvania. He had just finished his course in a famous medical college in Philadelphia, and returned home to practice his chosen profession, when the angel of death spread his wings over the household of the one he loved as a child, a girl, a woman, and claimed her as his own.

His Angela was dead. For weeks after the death of his promised wife his great strong mind tottered on the verge of insanity, but his fine physical organization triumphed, and he seemed himself again.

His friends anxious for his good, procured him a surgeon's commission in the regular army.

He quickly joined his regiment at St. Louis and was attached to the command of Lieut. Pike, was with the Lieutenant on his expedition up the Mississippi in 1805, and subsequently was with Lieut. Pike on his exploration to the southwest, and was made prisoner with the command by the Mexicans at or near Santa Fe, and marched on foot as prisoners of war to the city of Mexico, where by the demand of the Washington government they were released and returned home.

He was with General Pike until the General's death at Little York in 1814.

After the war of 1812 his regiment was sent out to the frontier. Again, fifteen or twenty years prior to 1840, he was seen on what the Indians called Posetoe, or the creek of the old man. The Indians frequently referred to the old man of the creek as living on Posetoe a long time. In the year 1840 his cabin was still standing and looked as though it had been built for fifteen or twenty years.

This tradition was gathered from the Indians and a woman

who lived on the frontier all her life and had frequently conversed with the old man and from him learned the history of his life. He never gave his name, but when asked about it would answer, "A Medicine Man." His long silver hair covered his shoulders, he held intercourse with very few persons, and seemed to have lived entirely secluded and alone.

His old rusty sword and pistols were at the home of the woman alluded to. The manner and time of his death is unknown. Those persons who had known him in life were of opinion that when the dread messenger came he went to a place he had prepared for himself and there, secure from wild beasts, passed to the unknown realm. Beyond the grave, he frequently said, he would meet his only love waiting to welcome him to a better world.

Posetoe Nonock, or Old Man's Creek, rises in Iowa County and runs in an easterly direction through the south side of Iowa and Johnson Counties.

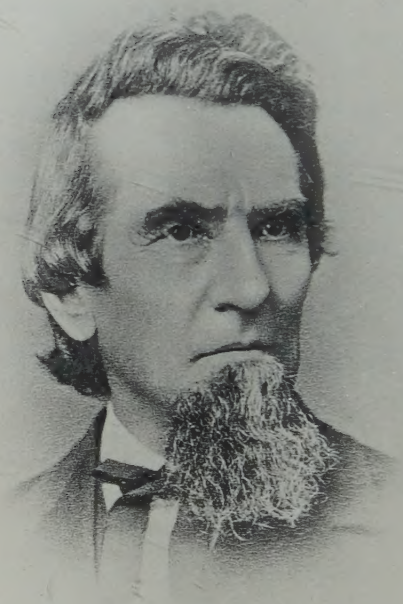
JACOB RICORD.

DEATHS.

CHARLES P. KEENEY, a native of Des Moines, Iowa, and of late a prominent business man of Chicago, died April 23d, 1891, at Tarpon Springs, Florida, where he was residing at the time of his death.

NOTES.

HON. T. S. PARVIN, has kindly furnished us a portrait and an excellent biographical sketch of the late Dr. Enos Lowe, who was the presiding officer of the convention which in 1846 framed the constitution under which Iowa was admitted into the Union. These valuable contributions to the early history of Iowa will appear in a number of THE RECORD in the near future.



Yours very truly
A. M. Love